



# The Wind



sci-fi

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## Chapter 1 by cheetah3

Wind is a beautiful thing.

It can blow through to cool you off on a hot summers day, but it can also be deadly. The wind can hurt. The wind can damage. The wind can kill. It was that one afternoon, March 5th of 2046, and the nano-storms swooped in. The electric clouds were heavily hovering over us, and the lightning was a neon orange in the dark surroundings. The acidic rain pelted off humans skin; but pierced holes deep through the cyborgs and robots. Then, all of a sudden, the loudest sound that anyone would ever hear in a millennium crashed and deafened everyone's ears.

The wind had arrived.

The seemingly endless spiral of grey and black swooped across the Earth, dragging everything along with it. In just 10 minutes, all of Asia had been wiped out and sunken into the overflowing ocean, with it's infinite depth of cluttering technological pollution.

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